WEATHER REPORT.
Fair tonight and probably Tuesday; not much change in temperature.

Greencastle Herald.

ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME FOR JUST 1 CENT A DAY—THAT'S THE HERALD CALL PHONE 68.

VOL. 2. NO. 265. GREENCASTLE, INDIANA. MONDAY, FEB. 3, 1908. PRICE ONE CENT

SAID HE CURSED HIS SISTER

LOUIS HODSHIRE ATTACKS FRANK FARMER, WHOM THE FORMER ALLEGES TALKED IN A RUDE MANNER TO MISS CLARA HODSHIRE, TEACHER AT THE FLAT WOODS SCHOOL HOUSE.

AN AFTERMATH OF A TRIAL

Hodshire is Fined $15 for Assault—Trouble Grew out of the Marcum-Grubb Trial of Saturday—Woman In the Case was a Witness—Now Too Sick to Attend School.

Alleging that Frank Farmer is the couse of the illness of his sister, Miss Clara Hodshire, a county teacher, who is confined to her bed as the result of a nervous shock, Louis Hodshire attacked the former on the north side of the square early this afternoon. The men were separated by bystanders before any damage was done.

Mr. Farmer was standing on the sidewalk talking to Lafe McCoy and Joe Hurst, when Mr. Hodshire walked up. Mr. Farmer had his hands in his pockets and a bundle under one arm. "You cursed my sister," said Mr. Hodshire. As he uttered the words he struck Mr. Farmer in the face. Bystanders immediately sparated the men. Mr. Hodshire was arrested and taken before the mayor. He pleaded guilty to the charge of assault and was fined $15. He stayed the fine.

The trouble is the result of the Grubb-Marcum trial of Saturday. Miss Hodshire was a witness in the case as was the son of Mr. Farmer. Miss Hodshire is the teacher at the school where the Marcum-Grubb fight occurred. It is said that in her testimony she swore that the Farmer lad had told two stories regarding the fight.

After the trial Mr. Farmer, it is said, accussed her of having testified falsely about his son. Hot words were spoken between the teacher and Mr. Farmer at the time.

To the mayor Mr. Hodshire said that his sister, Miss Clara Hodshire, teacher at the Flat Woods School House, was unable to be at her place of duty today on account of the nervous attack caused by the words between herself and Mr. Farmer on Saturday. He further alleged that Mr. Farmer had cursed his sister during their conversation. He said that his attack upon Mr. Farmer was the result of the latter's words to Miss Hodshire. Mr. Farmer denies cursing Miss Hodshire.

ZEIS ISSUES OFFICIAL CALL

Meeting of Putnam County Republicans at Which Delegates to the Congressional and Joint Senatorial Conventions, Will be Held February 15.

FIGHT ON GULLY AND MAXWELL

Charley Zeis, chairman of the Putnam County Republican Central Committee, has issued his official call for conventions throughout the county for the election of delegates to the Congressional and Joint Senatorial Conventions. The call is for February 21. The meetings throughout the county on that day promise much interest.

The real fight will be between Mr. Zeis and Postmaster Dunbar on one side against Harry Smith, Thad Peck and their crowd on the other, for delegates to the Congressional Convention. The former are going to endeavor to elect Maxwell delegates while the latter will boom Gulley. The fact that Mr. Zeis has been promised the postoffice by Mr. Maxwell and that Harry Smith, and others too, it is said, have been promised the federal job by Mr. Gulley, will add much spice to the fight.

Peg Woffington by Edith Coburn Noyes.

THE REVOLUTIONARY DEAD

To Be Commemorated by Bronze Tablet Placed on the Wall of the Court House Corridor by Sons of the Revolution.

SEVERAL ARE BURIED IN PUTNAM

A movement has been inaugurated by the society of the Sons of the Revolution in Indiana, to place a bronze tablet in each county in the state to the memory of the soldiers burried inthe county who took part in the War of Revolution. Today Col. John T. Barnett, of Indianapolis, with A. O. Lockridge and T. C. Grooms were before the County Commissioners to ask the right to place the tablet, when completed, upon the wall of the court house corridor on the first floor. Col. Barnett stated, that a committe composed of himself as chairman, of Wm. L. Elders, Hiram B. Patton, Rev. A. B. Philputt of Indianapolis and A. O. Lockridge and T. C. Grooms of Greencastle. Col. Barnett is making the rounds of the various counties.

It is the desire of the society that every revolutionary soldier burried in the state should have his name on a tablet in the county in which he is burried. To help in Putnam county all who know of the burial places of such soldiers are asked to send information to the Secretary, Hiram B. Patton 427 Lemcke Building, Indianapolis, or to A. O. Lockridge of Greencastle, and with information the answers to the following questions. Was this soldier an ancestor of yours? Was he in the Revolutionary War? From what state did he enlist? Who commanded his company and regiment? In what year was he born? In what year did die? How long did he serve in the Revolution? Was he ever pensioned by the United States goverment? What relation is he to you? If any facts appear upon his head stone kindly send a copy of the carving.

This is a very excellent idea. Few know that some ten or a dozen Revolutionary soldiers lie buried in the county, and for patriotic inspiration it is an excellent thing that the names should be placed where all may read and know.

Col Barnett is well known to a large number of people in Putnam, since he was the Colonel of the 159th Indiana Regiment during the war with Spain and with this regiment the Putnam County boys saw service.

DePAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES

Two act Comedy at Meharry Hall.

Wilbur Rogers visited in Amo yesterday.

Wm. Raub spent Sunday in Danville.

Fred Pyke of this city expects soon to take up work in philosophy at Harvard University. Mr. Pyke who graduated from DePauw in 1906 was a member of Beta Theta Pi.

Miss Ethel Todd who spent Sunday with Delta Alpha sisters has returned to her school at Huntington.

Miss Edna Wolfenberger has returned to Linden after a visit with Delta Alpha sisters.

Walter Reagan and Carl Ell spent Sunday in Brazil.

Miss Bertha Hunt after spending Sunday with Delta Alpha sisters, has returned to Linden.

Clyde Randel is confined to his home by an attack of the grippe.

Huron Smith who visited Sigma Nu brothers yesterday has returned to his home in Chicago.

William Jordan of Northwestern spent Sunday as the guest of Sigma Nu brothers.

Oscar Lucas spent Sunday at his home in Putnamville.

Miss Edith Noyes accompanied by Mrs. Derby will be entertained at the Delta Upsilon house this evening. Miss Noyes comes to give a recital at Meharry Hall this evening taking the place of the third number on the lecture course. After the entertainment Miss Noyes will be the guest of the D. U's. at a supper at the fraternity house. About twenty-four guests will be present.

Peg Woffington by Edith Coburn Noyes.

TAKES HIS CHAIR TO-DAY

Isaac Norris, Elected Last Fall to a Position inthe Music School, Arrives from Austria and Begins Work.

Mr. Isaac Norris, of DePauw, class of 1900, who has been elected to a position in the DePauw School of Music, has reached here from Austria, where he has been studying music, and especially piano, for more than two years. Mr. Norris has studied under the best teachers in Vienna, and returns a most accomplished and skilled musician.

Mr. Norris has spent the past six weeks in a general tour of the continent. He will begin his work at the Music School as soon as he is located, and hours and classes can be arranged.

Mr. Norris has engaged rooms in the office building recently built by Dr. Zaring. At present he is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Cammack.

FOUR UP FOR INTOXICATION

Four prisoners, each charged with intoxication, were before the Mayor this morning. Each was found guilty and fined. The men were arrested Saturday night and Sunday. They are Sherman Nelson, John Smith, James Daily and Thomas Hogan. All are serving time in jail as none was able to pay.

COUNTY GOMMISSIONERS

Many Road Cases Continued and Viewers Appointed on Sinclair Road--Detective Association Authorized at Morton.

MEMORIAL TABLET PETITION HEARD

The County Commissioners were in session today, and a considerable grist of business was ground out. A large number of petitions for improvement of highways were heard and the roads continued. The petitions so continued were those of J. U. Edwards, Monroe; E. C. Darnall, Monroe; Wesley Flint, Clinton; S. H. Judy, Clinton; Franklin Vermillion, Clinton; W. J. Smith, Warren, and Washington; J. H. Strain, Washington; J. E. Brackney, Clinton; Ed. L. Herbert, Washington.

In the case of the petition of William Rank et al., proof of publication was filed and proof of number of freehold signers.

In the case of the R. R. Sinclair road, viewers were appointed to locate the said highway.

President O. W. Tustison, of the Morton Detective Association was also before the board to get from that body for right of constableship for the association. This is a move according to a law passed last year by which the people of any community may organize themselves into a detective association, may incorporate under the laws of the state, and receive from the county commissioners the right of constableship. The commissioners granted the constableship to R. H. Burkett, C. L. Clodfelter, S. O. Rambo, W. F. Wood, O. W. Tustison, Henry O'Hair, O. W. Thomas, S. G. Nelson, W. A. Call, Clay Collins, J. C. Bridges, Earl Grimes, Otho Boles, Chancie Cooper, Marion Burkett, Frank Lane O. W. Tustison is president and Sam Nelson, secretary.

The board appointed as viewers on the location of the R. R. Sinclair road Jesse M. Hamrick, Richard Gillispie and Ben S. Harris.

A license was granted to Edward Parry to conduct a saloon in the building now so occupied on the north side of the square. The license is to run for one year from February 28, and carries with it the right to prepare and serve meals and to conduct a lunch counter.

TELEPHONE WAR AT BLOOMINGTON

Fight on And Phones Are Ordered out of Houses and Places of Business and New Company Will be Organized.

The battle between telephone patrons and the Bloomington telephone company was precipitated last night when 125 citizens signed the agreement to discontinue their phones this morning and thenceforth until the company returns to the old rate, if that time ever comes. An organized fight was planned at the mass meeting at the 1st Presbyterian church. An active committee composed of I. E. McCartey, Otto May, J. W. Freeman and T. B. Ritter, began an active canvass this morning of the residence phones to get signatures.

An effective scheme of campaign among the business men was perfected. A man from each line of business was chosen to see the dealers in his particular line and get them to sign the agreement with him. This is done to overcome the argument of business men that others in this same line are still blest with phones.

He said there are 250 business phones and so far 76 agreed to come out. Since these 76 do not come out unless 75 per cent of the business phones discontinue, a lot of work is to be done yet among the business men, the speaking declared—Bloomington Telephone.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

Fourth Lecture Cource Monday.

D. F. Albin went to Indianapolis this morning.

Charles Crawley of Putnamville, was in the city yesterday.

Harvey Monett returned to his home in Bainbridge this morning.

Frank Adams resident engineer of the Big Four transacted business in Delmar today.

Thomas O'Brien of Chicago was the guest of Jerre O'Brien and family over Sunday.

Misses Nona Burkett and Ruth Rector have returned from a short visit with Roachdale friends.

Mrs. Mary Storms has returned to her home in Putnamville, after a visit with Mrs. Marion Hinkle.

Mrs. D. E. Badger received a message this morning of the death of a relative, Mrs. Elizabeth Gale of Indianapolis.

Edith McFadden who is attending college in Danville, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Hollingsworth over Sunday.

James Sutton, formerly with the American Express Company, has a run from Terre Haute, as conductor on the Traction line.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the College Ave. Church will meet with Mrs. R. L. O'Hair at 2:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Omallene and Miss Festa Omallene of Plainfield were in the city this morning en route to Quincy for a visit with friends.

WILL BOOM SOL SUDRANSKI

Local Delegates of Republicans go To Terre Haute This Afternoon to Attend District Convention at Which Delegates to the National Convention Will be Chosen.

LOCAL DELEGATES INSTRUCTED

Several of the local members of the Putnam County Republican ranks went to Terre Haute this afternoon where the district convention to elect delegates to the National Republican Convention will be held. The local crowd had a candidate for the place in Sol Sudranski. At the meeting here a few days ago when the local delegates to the convention were selected the convention instructed the delegates to vote for Mr. Sudranski.

The delegates from here are Harry Smith, T. T. Moore and Edgar Harris. Charley Zeis, John Keller and Mr. Sudranski went along to boom the local man for the place.

COURT BEGINS NEXT WEEK

Jurors Are Drawn and Court Bar Docket in the Hands of the Printer—Only One Case of Any Great Importance Will be Tried This Term.

THE GRAND AND PETIT JURIES

The February term of the Putnam County Circuit Court will begin a week from today, Monday, February 10, 1908. The members of the Grand Jury and the Petit Jury were drawn by the jury commission in the clerks' office Saturday afternoon. Following are the juries which will serve during the next term of court:

Grand Jury.

John Wysong, ... Marion tp.
Sam Loyd ..... Clinton tp.
Robert L. Blaydes Franklin tp.
Leonard S. Peck, Greencastle tp.
A. J. Baker ..... Monroe tp.
Levi Dunn .... Washington tp.

Petit Jury.

Thomas E. Tobin . . Franklin tp.
H. O. Batman .... Monroe tp.
Frank Gose . . Washington tp.
V. B. McCammack Jefferson tp.
Jas. Dunnington Greencastle tp.
Paul McElroy . . Washington tp.
Frank Hurst .... Jefferson tp.
Bob McCurty . . Washington tp.
Benj. F. Rakes . . Mill Creek tp.
Robert Crow . . Greencastle tp.
Frank Crawford Greencastle tp.
Douglas Mullinix Washington tp.

A study of the bar docket, which now is in the hands of the printer, develops that no cases of special interest will be tried during this term of court, unless the Ben Simpson case, which is set for trial, is tried. This case has been continued so often that people are beginning to believe that it will never be disposed of

The case has been set for trial at least six times. Twice it was tried. One jury found Simpson guilty but the judge granted the defendant a new trial. The other time the case was tried the jury disagreed. The case has been continued every other time it was set for trial. Simpson is a Clay county man. He is charged with forgery.

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THE PUNISHMENT OF THAW.

At a first glance it would appear that the jury, in finding Thaw insane, had, in a way, freed him from the penalty of his act in murdering Stanford White. It may be that they intended to do so, but the action of Justice Dowling in sending Thaw to the asylum for the criminaly insane makes it anything but a light sentence. Even if, as the attorneys for the defense evidently hope, Thaw should be declared cured, and should be released in a short time, six months or a year, his experience will have been punishment of a most severe type. The asylum at Mattewan is for the criminaly insane alone. The discipline is that of the state prison plus that of the asylum. Those who are familiar with the institution have said that if a man were confined there, and were of sound mind when possibilty of his being insane when he entered there would be every possibilty of his being insane when he left. If Thaw is insane in fact then his confinement will be but justice. If he is not insane, then his attorneys, by making the plea of insanity, have placed Thaw in a position where punishment becomes torture. If he is freed, and escapes with sanity, he will have passed through one of the most trying ordeals that falls to the lot of a human being—the daily association with the most terrible form of mental derangment. We are inclined to think that Harry Thaw will pay at Mattewan, the price for his act.

What a Knot Is.

Probably there is no nautical term more frequently used than the word "knot." The word is synonymous with the nautical mile, or 6,080.27 feet, while, as every one knows, the geographical mile is 5,280 feet. This would make the knot equal to 1.15 of geopraphical miles, and therefore, in order to compare the speed of a boat expressed in knots with a railroad train, it is necessary to multiply the speed in knots by 1.15. Another point to be remembered is that speed means a distance traveled in unit time, so when one speaks of a boat having a speed of 20 knots it is not necessary or proper to add per hour, as the word itself when employed as a unit of speed signifies nautical miles per hour. A cruiser that makes 21 knots travels 24.15 geographical miles per hour.

"OUR HIGH SCHOOL"

At Clinton Falls.

When we have all grown to women and men, let this be a reminder of school days at No. 10:

First, she who leads us all,
And who deserves our love,
The sweetest girl God ever made
We hope, with her, to meet above.
Miss Onae Knetzer,, Teacher.

A pupil with unusual merits,
With auburn hair and dreamy eyes,
One whose life we wish to be
A happy day with sunny skies.
Alva Wysong.

A girl who is fair to look upon,
With bright blue eyes and chestnut hair,
One who will carry sunshine
To drive away dull care.
May Moler.

And next, the youngest one in school
A manly boy, with winsome face,
One who is sure to claim
In this world, a noble place.
Frank Hinton.

A girl that is loved by all,
Yet modest as a nun,
I am sure when life is o'er,
The master will say, "Well done."
Hallie Burk.

Among the first he ranks in class
His voice is like the breeze,
That singeth summer melodies
Beneath the leafy trees.
Samuel Byrd.

A maiden, she with beauty rare
A little reckless, yet not wild,
The happiest little lass
That ever lived and smiled.
Kattie Whitted.

A girl with eyes and hair of night
One who is loving, kind and true,
In trouble she is sure to know
Just what to do.
Minnie Cricks.

A handsome youth
With auburn hair and azure eyes,
One who seems to know
Where honor and duty lies.
Edgar Tuttle.

Let truth and courage be his virtue
Let kindness play its part,
The fairest lad that ever won
The love of a "Lady's heart."
Everett Lloyd.

A jovial boy, liked by all,
One whose name will last,
By memory, in our hearts
When these school days are past.
Willie Newgent.

The fairest and the best,
The girl we all esteem,
Who makes of life a reality
And not an idle dream.
Hazel Alexander.

Just a dreamer, idly building castles,
In the "Sunny land of Spain,"
One whose name will be forgotten
Because she longs for all in vain.
Lillie Boswell, author.

A lad who can do and dare,
Whose name is sure to be,
An honor to all his schoolmates,
For courage and bravery.
Orbra Shannon.

The very flower of all the school
Whose ambition towers so high,
One whose name will last
When ages passes by.
Opal Davis.

A boy whose name may spread
With fame from shore to shore,
But in my evil phrofacy
A noble man—and nothing more.
Lee Whitted.

An industrious youth, he seems to be,
With auburn hair and eyes of brown,
One who treads the path of duty
Faithfully, up and down.
Ralph Lloyd.

One whose fame consists not in
Noble deeds and ventures bold,
But his name we cannot forget,
For he is worth his weight in gold.
Mason Vermilion.

Let happiness be her crown,
For she plays a cheerful part,
I think on earth she will be known
As "Lady of the loving heart."
Ruth Kyte.

Named for greatness,
Yet just the same
He will never be as great,
As the one who bears his name.
Christopher Webb.

Manhood is stamped upon his brow
His heart is light and brave,
And ever in all his work,
Success, shall o'er him wave.
Clarence Lane.

Bliss content, her life shall ever be
With joy that Heaven lends,
I think she is understood only
By her very nearest friends.
Delia Cunningham.

A studious youth, bound to excell,
With dark hair and bright blue eyes,
One whose name shall honored be
When in the grave he lies.
John Vermilion.

A little modest maid is she,
Who shall by waiting win—
I must not praise her too much
For we are near of kin.
Grace Boswell.

The champion of my childhood,
The one who loves me best;
I know I shall remember her,
If I forget the rest.
Clara Boswell.

Last but not least,
A boy so good and just,
One whom nature has endowed,
With gift of happiness.
Raymond Philips.

Now I close my rhyme before the hour is late.
Let this commemorate our school of 1908.

Binoculars ...Of Love.

By Benjamin Franklin Napheys.

"I tell you," said Callander, "she thinks you are too formal, too cut and dried, too wrapped up in your profession. To her you're a fossil."

"If I were you I'd kick him for saying that," said Gaitley. "Go ahead, Abbett, old man; you're far enough away from the village so that your unbending from dignity will never be seen."

"Oh, I'll do worse than that to him some time!" returned young Dr. Abbett, glaring with comic malevolence at Callander. "I'll wait until he is injured in some of his schoolboy escapades, and then I'll operate on him. Don't you feel the approach of another foolish attack, Georgie?"

The three young men sat in the shade of a huge mass of rock that marked the end of a long, irregular ridge of hills which jutted out from the main range to the west. At the mouth of a tiny canyon just visible from the rocks a cluster of summer cottages showed white against the brown and gray of their surroundings.

Georgie Callander grunted, stretched his hulking body and took out a pair of fieldglasses from a case at his side.

"No, Folsom," he replied at length; "I don't feel unusually foolish at present. But this grand air and this sunshine and—well, life in general greatly appeals to me today, and so there's no telling when I shall find it necessary to break out again. By Jove," he went on, pointing the glasses at the faraway cottages, "there's my dear wife and the dear wife of our friend Hiram here, and—yes, the dear sister of my dear wife aforementioned, all laden with baskets and making for Flagstaff hill."

"Dear, dear," said Hiram Gaitley; "anybody else in the party?"

"N-no, none that I can make out. Hold on, though; yes, there is. They're passing Evergreen inn now, and that discreditable simian Ramage has joined them. I believe, Abbett, that's what you called him, wasn't it—a discreditable simian?"

"Callander," demanded Abbett sternly, "does Miss Alice know that you two ungainly wretches enticed me away with you this morning without letting me know that she and other ladies were bent upon a picnic today?"

"Miss Alice?" queried Callander. "Oh, you mean little Allie, my wife's sister. Now that I think of it, Folsom, I believe she did say something about asking you to have lunch with them on Flagstaff hill today. She asked if I thought you would care to leave your bug hunting and whether you would make one of so informal a party. I believe I told her"—

He broke off and leveled his glass at the distant hills.

"Well, well," cried Abbett impatiently, 'what reply did you make? Something absurd, I suppose. Give me those glasses."

Callander adroitly moved out of reach of Abbett's arm and continued:

"I forgot just what I did say, but it must have been something worthy of so ungainly a wretch. They're up on the hill now, Folsom, and Ramage has taken his place beside Allie and is carrying her basket."

"That's a bad sign," Gaitley put in. "That's the way I began on the day I asked Ella to be my wife. You remember that picnic, Georgie?"

"Certainly. Picnics are fatal affairs. I have no doubt that if Folsom were on Flagstaff hill today he'd be the happy man instead of Ramage. By Jove! He and Allie have strolled away from the rest and are picking wild flowers."

Abbett groaned.

"And I thought you were my friends—my boyhood friends. Here, give me those glasses, I say!"

Again Callander eluded his grasp and lightly sprang across a tree trunk which spanned the creek that rattled down from the range of hills and into the plain. Once safely across, he pulled away the log and set it floating downstream.

"We are your friends, Folsom," he declared from the opposite bank. "Haven't we patiently listened to your ravings about Allie for the past six months? Didn't we bring you out with us today on purpose to talk about her?"

"And you," cried the young doctor, turning to Gaitley, "I suppose you're in this attempt to keep me away from Miss—from the picnic?"

"Don't speak so harshly, Folsom," Gaitley returned. "Let's go leave George and hunt fossils or something."

"I've a notion to hunt you," Abbett answered, and he stepped toward Gaitley.

"Oh, don't, doctor; don't, doctor!" Gaitley screamed in a high falsetto as he sprang down the hill, with Abbett at his heels.

At the creek bank Gaitley paused to look back, and, seeing the doctor still coming, he leaped into the stream and floundered across it.

Abbett stopped at the bank and began to throw stones at his tormentors. They moved out of range of the missiles and walked downstream until the settlement of cottages came into view from behind the rocks where they had been sitting on the other side of the creek.

Abbett followed them downstream on his side and bawled out half angry epithets at them. Callander, after a prolonged look through the glasses at Flagstaff hill, called out:

"Oh, horrors, Folsom, Ramage has taken Allie for a stroll to the top of Flagstaff! They're at the top now. I did so want you for a brother-in-law, and now I'll never have a doctor in the family."

"Stop them; stop them!" cried Folsom, dancing up and down. "Do, please, Georgie, toss over those glasses!"

"Couldn't do it. This is a sight one doesn't see every day. There he goes, flopping down on his knees before her. Farewell, Brother-in-law Folsom; farewell forever!"

Desperately Abbett went to the bank, removed his coat and shoes and rolled up his trousers.

"Look out," cried Gaitley; "he's going to swim for it!"

Abbett plunged in and had hardly taken two steps when he slipped and fell. Immediately he arose again, splashed across the stream and clambered up on the opposite bank.

"Now," he grated, "I'll show you what it means to torment a peaceable man."

"Wait," called Georgie from a safe distance; "he wasn't flopping on his knees, after all, so don't be angry. You wouldn't raise black and blue lumps all over our pure, white bodies, would you, Folsom?"

"You'll see," retorted the angry young man as he took up the chase.

The two led him along a devious path, through thickets and over rough prairie grass and rocky stretches of plain. But his blood was up, and he doggedly kept on. They easily continued in the lead and frequently stopped to shout back mocking comments and to report what could be seen by looking through the glasses.

"Say," cried Georgie after one such look at Flagstaff hill, "I wish we were nearer, so we could distract Allie's attention from what Ramage is saying to her. I know she'd be pleased to see you unbending a little."

"That's all she's afraid of," Gaitley took up. "She's told my wife as much lots of times. She thinks you're a born stiff—er—were born stiff, I mean."

"No," bawled Callander; "he means she thinks you're so wrapped up in your profession that you look upon even her love as a secondary affair, and she wants you to consider it the whole thing."

"She thinks," began Gaitley as he dodged a piece of granite which Abbett hurled at him, "that you can't enthuse over anything but strange bugs or fossils or a new disease. We've often told her that she's wrong"—he ducked to avoid another stone—"but we couldn't convince her, and this is our reward—to be—stoned—to be chased across country like innocent rabbits.

They were obliged to take up the cross country again, for Abbett was well upon them. Down the creek was another log from bank to bank, and they darted across toward the cottages, with Albert in full cry at their heels.

There was no more opportunity for extended banter, although Gaitley now and then flung back a stentorian wish that Alice might see them at the present moment.

When they drew near the cottages, the hares endeavored to shape their courses so that the hound must cross the foot of Flagstaff hill, but he gave up and ran to kennel at the Evergreen inn.

He came out an hour later with all marks of the chase removed from his clothing. But the banter of his friends still rankled, and he determined to see Miss Alice at once, then if he had been refused to go back to the city. So he bravely charged up Flagstaff hill to meet his fate.

He found Alice, and at the first opportunity he told her of his love. When, to his unspeakable joy, he found himself accepted he demanded to know whether or not he had heard the truth from his friends in regard to her estimation of his character.

"Y-es, I did think that until this morning," answered the young lady. "But I know now that I was wrong, Folsom, dear. Mr. Ramage had a pair of powerful binoculars with him this morning, and I watched you every minute from the top of Flagstaff hill."

A Congenial Occupation.

"It isn't everybody that gets a place in life that's just suited to him," said Mr. Hobart thoughtfully, "but I declare it seems as if Jed Loring had landed in the very spot he'd choose above every other."

"I didn't suppose anything would ever suit Jed," remarked Mrs. Hobart, "a man that always thought everybody was better off than he and never appeared to enjoy anything except other folks' misfortune. Where in the world is he?"

"While I was visiting Henry's folks," said Mr. Hobart, "they took me across the ferry to the island one day. I thought the face of the man that worked the gates looked kind of familiar, and he gazed at me real searching as Henry and I stood there.

"'Aren't you Jim Hobart that used to live in Bushby?' he asked me at last.

"'I am and still do,' says I, 'and it's just come to me who you are. You're Jed Loring.'

"He nodded that I was right.

"'Got a job that suits you here, I guess,' I said, for he's grown stouter and looks considerable cheerfuler than he used to when he was here in Bushby.

"'Yes, I have,' says he, real hearty. 'Why, this ferryboat runs back and forth every half hour all day long, and there's hardly a trip but what somebody misses it and gets as mad as fury!'"

A Question of Temperature.

Husband—What is the difference between the love of a lover and the love of a husband?

Wife—About 390 degrees F.—Harper's Weekly.

LINCOLN'S JOKE.

Fixing the Responsibility For the Loss of Harpers Ferry.

President Lincoln's jokes, especially when perpetrated in connection with grave matters, usually had a purpose in them. After Lee had taken Harpers Ferry the president, realizing how great a calamity it was to the northern arms, determined if possible to fix the responsibility for the loss of the important position.

Halleck was summoned, but did not know where the blame lay. "Very well," said Lincoln, "I'll ask General Schenck." The latter could throw no light upon the question, further than to say that he was not to blame. Milroy was the next to be called to the presence of the commander in chief and to enter a plea of "not guilty." Hooker was next given a hearing, and "Fighting Joe" made a very emphatic disclaimer of all responsibility.

Then the president assembled the four generals in his room and said to them: "Gentlemen, Harpers Ferry was surrendered and none of you, it seems, is responsible. I am very anxious to discover the man who is." After striding across the room several times the president suddenly threw up his bowed head and exclaimed: "I have it! I know who is responsible!"

"Who, Mr. President; who is it?" asked the distinguished quartet as they looked anxious, if not troubled.

"Gentlemen," said the president, with a meaning twinkle in his eye, "General Lee is the man."

There was a lack of mirth in the laugh created, and the four generals took their departure with a determination that they would not again be placed under suspicion.

SLEEP MYSTERIES.

Tasks Often Performed While the Worker Slumbers.

A psychologist was discussing the miracles of sleep.

"One can become so accustomed," he said, "to a monotonous task that one can fall asleep and still keep on working. Thus in India there are punka coolies, men who turn a fan all night long in the hot weather while their English masters rest, and it is not uncommon for a punka cooly to acquire the knack of sleeping at his task. On and on he sleeps through the hot, perfumed hours of the Indian night, but his hand mechanically and steadily turns the punka pulley.

"Men have composed great literary works in their sleep. Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' is the most famous example of this; but, then, Coleridge was a morphinomaniac, and his sleep was scarcely natural. But R. L. Stevenson, Corelli and Longfellow have also done good work while sleeping.

"Divers sometimes fall asleep deep down in the sea, but some unknown part of their brain keeps watch, and at the proper moment, though asleep, they give the order to be hauled up. This is a good deal like the miracle that happens to all of us—the miracle whereby if we tell ourselves on retiring that we must wake at 7 we invariably do wake at that hour—how or why it is impossible to say. Some part of us watches, works, keeps awake all night, so that at 7 it may call us."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Penny For a Priceless Book.

A workingman once purchased for a penny an aged looking volume bearing date of 1540. The man tried to read it, but threw up the attempt apparently in disgust, and the volume was relegated to the cupboard. A friend of his happened to see the book and took it to the British museum authorities, who promptly made an offer of £90, the highest sum the librarian is allowed to expend without a special vote of the trustees. Had the man known what he was about he would have stood out for more, as the authorities would have paid almost any price rather than allow the volume to slip through their fingers. It was, in fact, the first book printed by Gutenberg and was therefore almost priceless.—London Tit-Bits.

Improved on Solomon.

In a certain Sunday school a little girl told the story of Solomon and the disputing mothers in this wise: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarreling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other woman said, 'No, 'tain't; it's mine.' But Solomon spoke up and said: 'No, no, ladies; don't quarrel. Give me my sword, and I'll make twins of him, so you can both have one.'"

At a Disadvantage.

Bacon—Would you call him a good talker?

Egbert—No, I would not.

"How many times have you heard him talk?"

"Only once."

"And when was that?"

"When he was trying to open a car window."—Yonkers Statesman.

Had a Woman to Blame.

"I have had dreadful luck. This morning I dropped my spectacles, and my wife stepped on them."

"That's what I call good luck. If I had dropped mine, I should have stepped on them myself."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Poet Answered.

"Do you know that I was born on the same day Emerson died?"

"Both events being a cruel misfortune to literature."—Bohemian.

He hurts the good who spares the bad.—Pope.

MONON ROUTE.

Time Card in effect July 22, 1906

North Bound	South Bound
1:23 am	2:13 pm
9:32 am	8:25 am
12:33 pm	2:20 pm
5:52 pm	5:20 pm

All trains run daily.
J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

LOCATION OF FIRE ALARM BOXES.

For Fire Department Call Phone No. 41.

NO.	LOCATION.
21	College Ave. and Liberty
31	Hanna and Indiana
41	Jackson and Daggy
51	Madison and Liberty
61	Walnut and Madison
321	Engine House
32	Hanna and Crown
42	Bloomington and Anderson
52	Seminary and Arlington
62	Washington and Durham
72	Washington and Locust
212	Seminary and Locust
23	Howard and Crown
43	Main and Ohio
53	College Ave and Demotte Alley
63	Locust and Sycamore

1—2—1, Fire Out.

INTERURBAN TIME TABLE.

Lv. G. C. for Ind.	Lv. Ind. for G. C.
6:15 a. m.	6:00 a. m.
7:15 a. m.	7:00 a. m.
8:15 a. m.	8:00 a. m.
9:15 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
10:15 a. m.	10:00 a. m.
11:15 a. m.	11:00 a. m.
12:15 p. m.	12:00 m.
1:15 p. m.	1:00 p. m.
2:15 p. m.	2:00 p. m.
3:15 p. m.	3:00 p. m.
4:15 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
5:15 p. m.	5:00 p. m.
6:15 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
7:15 p. m.	7:00 p. m.
9:15 p. m.	9:00 p. m.
11:15 p. m.	11:30 p. m.
*3.27 p. m.	*4:45 a. m.

* Freight trains.

Lv. G. C. for T. H.	Lv. T. H. for G.C.
5:41 a. m.	5:30 a. m.
6:41 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
7:41 a. m.	7:30 a. m.
8:41 a. m.	8:30 a. m.
9:41 a. m.	9:30 a. m.
10:41 a. m.	10:30 a. m.
11:41 a. m.	11:30 a. m.
12:41 p. m.	12:30 p. m.
1:41 p. m.	1:30 p. m.
2:41 p. m.	2:30 p. m.
3:41 p. m.	3:30 p. m.
4:41 p. m.	4:30 p. m.
5:41 p. m.	5:30 p. m.
6:41 p. m.	6:30 p. m.
7:41 p. m.	7:30 p. m.
8:41 p. m.	9:30 p. m.
10.41 p. m.	10.30 p. m.
*8:00 a. m.	*12.10 p. m.

* Freight trains.

To stop a train at night display a light.

RUPERT BARTLEY.

OBITUARY.

Edgar W. Pierson was born August 19, 1872, died January 28, 1908; aged 35 years, 5 months and 9 days. He was united in marriage to Nora Michaels, March 27, 1892. To this union were born four children, Harry, Harley, Ralph and George, who died in infancy. He united with the Baptist church at New Winchester in 1893.

A few weeks back we looked upon Edgar as being a man of powerful physique, today we view his face in the coldness of death. We are led to those magic words in the Scripture, which sayeth: We know not the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh. All the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He tread the winepress alone. With simple resignation, he bowed to the Divine decree. Just a few hours before he died he called his family to his bedside, and bade them good-bye and said he was ready to go. He had an even temperament, a cheerful disposition and was liked by all who came in contact with him. To a host of sympathizing friends and relatives, to the mother wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears, to the wife whose whole life lay in his, to the boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic, to the brother whose bond of love is broken, we bequeath this expression of sympathy:

No aching hearts are there,
No tear dimmed eye, no form by sickness wasted,
No cheek grown pale through penury or care,
No spirits crushed beneath the woes they bear,
No sighs for bliss untasted.

No mortal eye hath seen
The glories of that land beyond that river,
Its crystal lakes, its fields of living green,
Its fadeless flowers and the unchanging sheen.
Around the throne forever.

This Time the Lawyer Scored.

A lawyer appeared before one of the New York city boards asking that damages be awarded to certain clients because of a change of grade in their street. When he had completed his argument the president said: "Mr. Blank, you ought to know better than to take up the time of this board in this manner. You are too good a lawyer not to allow that on your own presentation of facts these people have not the shadow of a legal claim against the city." "Your remarks are fully justified, Mr. President," said Mr. Blank. "I not only expected them, but you have done me a favor by making them. There are times when a lawyer is so pushed by his clients who seem to know more about the law than he does that the only thing he can do is to let them come up against it themselves. They probably know as much about it now as I did before. I thank you for your attention." With that he took up his books and left the room, followed by a half dozen crestfallen clients.

The Honest Chinaman.

You soon learn in China that you can trust a Chinaman to carry through anything he agrees to do for you. When I reached T'ai Yuanfu I handed my interpreter a Chinese draft for $200 (Mexican), payable to bearer, and told him to go to the bank and bring back the money. I had known John a little over a week, yet any one who knows China will understand that I was running no appreciable risk. The individual Chinaman is simply a part of a family, the family is part of a neighborhood, the neighborhood is part of a village or district, and so on. If John had disappeared with my money after cashing the draft and had afterward been caught, punishment would have been swift and severe. Very likely he would have lost his head. If the authorities had been unable to find John, they would have punished his family. Punishment would surely have fallen on somebody.—Samuel Merwin in Success Magazine.

When you lose anything tell the people about it in the Want Column of the Herald. You probably will get your property back.

AN INTERNATIONAL DIFFICULTY.

[Original.]

Hans Becker and Gretchen Stiefel were German peasants, aged respectively sixteen and fifteen. Their fathers' little farms adjoined, and they went to school together. Hans was a tall, dark eyed young fellow, with a fine frame, though not yet properly filled out. Gretchen looked out of a pair of mild blue eyes, and a heavy coil of hair the hue of flax hung down her back to her knees. The two had played together as children and when they came into their teens were still inseparable.

One day Hans, after a consultation with his father, told Gretchen that he was going to America. An uncle had written from there that if Hans would come out he would give him a place in his brewing business and help him to make a fortune. The offer had been accepted. Hans would soon be seventeen years old, an age when every German man must serve his term of military duty before leaving the fatherland, therefore it had been determined that he should go before his next birthday.

Hans and Gretchen were as ignorant of love as at the day they were born. When Hans told her that he was going to America she turned pale, made a few little breath catches, then tears began to well up in her blue eyes. Hans, too, felt a choking in his throat. He folded her in his arms. For the first time it dawned upon them that they were lovers.

The day before Hans was seventeen he sailed for America. His uncle, who had made money, gave him an opportunity. He told him that if he would remain at the business for ten years without returning to Germany he might have a year's vacation, at the end of which he would receive a block of the stock of the brewing company that would make him rich and he should, if competent, be its manager. At the end of the time Hans had complied with the conditions and proved himself well fitted for a manager's position.

Hans and Gretchen had corresponded and pined for each other, and at the expiration of the ten years Hans went to Germany. He found Gretchen a lovely woman, though still a peasant, and they were married. It was in the summer, and they spent their honeymoon in Switzerland. A couple of months before the expiration of Hans' vacation his wife presented him with a son. But alas the boy was born with a club foot.

When Hans and his family were about to sail for America an officer served a paper on him distraining him from leaving Germany till he had served his term in the army. Then Hans knew what he had not known before or had forgotten—that if he remained more than nine months in Germany he again became a German citizen and liable to military duty.

Here was a misfortune. To remain in Germany for the purpose of hanging around a barrack for several years would be equivalent to giving up a fortune in America. Hans knew that the law on this subject was inexorable and was about to write his uncle relinquishing his interests in the brewing company when he discovered that the period spent in Switzerland had made him alien to Germany. He could stay in the fatherland for nine months more before again becoming a German citizen. This gave him a leeway of nearly two months. His wife was in poor health, and he deferred his departure for the United States till a few days before the expiration of the second nine months' period, which would again make him a German citizen.

On reaching New York he found that if the fatherland is jealous of her sons leaving her shores without having done military service the United States is equally jealous of any one coming within her borders who is not in all respects a desirable citizen. Little Heinrich Becker's club foot was an insurmountable obstacle to his being admitted to the national domain. In vain his father pleaded that he would not permit his boy to become a burden on the American people. The law refusing cripples is as inexorable as the law respecting army service in Germany, though the reason for it is more humane.

It seemed that the only plan for the Becker family would be to go back to Germany. But if this plan were adopted the husband and father would reach German shores shortly after the expiration of the nine months' period, which would make him liable to military duty. Hans began to wish that the nations of the world would unite under one government, so that he might be a citizen of all. He was wanted in Germany, where he could not make a respectable living, that the emperor might be prepared to fight the powers; he was kept out of the United States, where a fortune awaited him, because his son happened to be born with a club foot.

However, Hans Becker had become an American and did not complain of the exceptional injustice of just laws. It was suggested to him that he go to Mexico with his family, from whose border he could easily enter the United States. But he disdained to break the law. He determined to send his wife and boy back to Germany, to have his boy's foot operated on by a surgeon and then bring mother and child back again. It happened that on the day they were to sail the head of the emigration bureau at Washington visited Ellis island, where emigrants are received. The case was referred to him, and he decided that little Heinrich Becker might become one of the 90,000,000 people of the United States.

ALICE G. CUMMINGS.

A Bell Ridden Town.

A well known tourist of the world has stated as his opinion that Lucerne is the most bell ridden town in Europe. He had assuredly never been to Schwyz. To begin with, the countless cattle that pass through the streets in the small hours of the morning on their way to or from the upland pastures wear bells as big as buckets. And there are church bells too. A fine peal they are, no doubt, but the noble art of bell ringing either never existed or has been lost here. The bells are rung by being smitten or banged together by two small boys, whose legs are plainly visible—an alluring mark for an air gun—through the open louvres of the church tower, the sounds produced being about as edifying as the music of a donkey engine in full play. The performance begins at 4:30 a. m. and continues until early service at 5, and if there is a funeral—which is every other day or so—there will be another sustained burst of melody from 6 to 7. During the remainder of the day the ringing is varied and persistent, but it lacks the irritating power of the early morning exercises. Sooner or later public opinion will be aroused. Those boys will be dragged from their perch, figuratively if not literally, and peace and quiet will reign in the eponymous capital of the confederacy.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Wolves of the Sea.

Of all the inhabitants of the ocean few are more destructive than the sea wolf, a kind of dolphin which attains when full grown a length of fourteen feet and a weight of 3,000 pounds.

A swift swimmer, it is quick in its movements, cunning as a fox and has an insatiable appetite. It feeds on the young of seal, whale and walrus and also on the tongue of the adult whale.

When a mother walrus perceives a sea wolf, she endeavors to throw her cub on to an iceberg if one is near. Failing this, she gets it on top of her head and swims with it above water. But this is vain. Diving far below, the fish of prey comes up with tremendous force, striking the frantic mother a terrific blow and jolting the cub off her head into the water. Here it falls an easy victim to the assailant and is soon devoured.

In its work of destruction the sea wolf is frequently aided by the thrasher, a fish which can deliver a terrible blow with its tail.

Got Something For Nothing.

Mark Twain told how he got something for nothing one day in the early sixties when he needed the money. He walked into a hotel and was petting a strange dog. General Nelson A. Miles, who chanced to be present, offered him $10 for the canine.

"To be frank," said the humorist to General Miles, "I haven't really got any right to sell you this animal, but if you'll give me $3 you may take the pup away when I'm not looking, and I'll not tell who took it."

The bargain was closed, and General Miles took the dog to his room. A moment later the dog's owner inquired for his pet, and Mark Twain offered to find the animal for $3. The humorist then went to General Miles' room and explained all, had the dog returned to him, gave the army officer back his money and returned the canine to its original owner, thereby making $3.

How to Get Poor Quick.

Do not try to save your loose change. It is too small an amount to put in the savings bank. It would not amount to much anyway, and there is great comfort in spending it. Just wait until you get sufficient worth while before you deposit it.

Do not try to economize. It is an infernal nuisance to always try to save a few cents here and there. Besides, you will get the reputation of being mean and stingy. You want everybody to think you are generous.

Just look out for today. Have a good time as you go along. Just use your money yourself. Don't deprive yourself for the sake of laying up something for other people to fight over. Besides, you are sure of today. You might not be alive tomorrow.—Success Magazine.

Helping the Postoffice.

In a history of the great advance in postal methods accomplished by Sir Rowland Hill is given this anecdote: To the postoffice of at that time tiny Ambleside came one day a well to do man to buy a stamp to put on the letter he was about to post. "Is this new reform going to last?" he asked the postmaster. "Certainly," was the reply. "It is quite established." "Oh, well, then," said the man, resolved to give the thing generous support, "give me three stamps!"

His Bachelor's Degree.

"I'm so happy," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "My son is to get his bachelor's degree this year."

"Is he?" replied her hostess. "Well, I can't blame you for feelin' as you do about it. I never thought much of that snippy Wilson girl he's been goin' with. How did you get the match broke off?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Smoothing the Way.

"My lawyer told me he thought I would have a hard time establishing my claims under the will."

"What did you say?"

"I asked him how much more money he wanted."

When They Are Quiet.

"I like to go to church."

"Why?"

"Well, it's comforting to see a man keep a hundred women or so quiet for an hour."—Bohemian.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.—Eliot.

PAPER WATERMARKS.

Method by Which the Devices Are Imprinted on the Sheets.

The discovery of the watermark was the result of an accident—probably a thousand years ago. Parchment was then made of vegetable pulp, which was poured in a liquid state into a sieve; the water dripped out from below, and the thin layer of pulp that remained was pressed and dried. When dry it was found to bear upon it the marks of the fiber that composed the bottom of the sieve.

These fibers seem to have been twisted reeds, and the mark they left on the parchment took the form of wide lines running across and across diagonally. In those days the watermark was regarded as a blemish since the fiber was thick and coarse and the deep impression made on the paper proved a drawback in writing. The quill of the scribe found many a yawning gap to cross on the surface of the manuscript—"switchback scripture" it has been termed. But when wire was substituted for fiber in the sieve the lines of the waterwark grew thinner and less conspicuous.

The possibilities of the usefulness of the watermark became apparent by degrees. It was first found to be of service in preventing the forgery of books and manuscripts. Many a bogus copy of a rare work has been detected because the counterfeiter failed to take into account the watermarks of the original. The watermark of many a precious manuscript in the world's museums is alike its glory and its safeguard. And in the sphere of bank notes and paper money everywhere the watermark is most useful in protecting the notes from imitation.

The term "watermark" is in reality a misnomer since the mark is actually produced by wire. Wire is fashioned into the desired pattern, figure or lettering. This is inserted beneath the sheet in the last stages of its manufacture and while the paper is still capable of receiving the impression and the wire device stamps itself into the sheet. Ordinary note paper held up to the light reveals hundreds of parallel lines running up and down, betraying the fact that the paper was made on a wire foundation. To this the paper owes its smoothness and its even texture.

In the manufacture of postage stamps the watermark is of immense advantage as a safeguard. The wires that produce the marks are kept strictly under lock and key. They are brought out only when wanted, and an inspector keeps an eye on them till their task is done, when they are at once locked up again.—London Answers.

Symbolism of College Cowns.

It has been said that few people, including many university men themselves, have any definite idea of the meaning of the gowns worn by collegiate students.

In America university gowns exhibit much variety, there being a great difference in the various institutions, but all over the country—in fact, all over the English speaking world—certain distinctions hold.

The ordinary bachelor's gown, the first the student owns, is of unadorned black with pointed sleeves and is ordinarily made of serge or other simple black fabric. The master's gown is like the student's, inasmuch as it is plain black, but the sleeves are cut differently, being long pendants shaped not unlike fish tails and hanging from the elbows nearly to the bottom of the gown. The master's gown may be made of silk, as may also the bachelor's gown if it is worn by a man of long academic standing who has happened to receive no higher degree, but the ordinary university man has no desire to clad himself in silk.

Most doctors' gowns, especially in England and Scotland, have hoods that give them certain distinctions and differentiate by differences of color the doctorates.—Harper's Weekly.

A Disciple of Emerson.

He stood in the driving, sloshing rain on a corner contemplating the curb.

"Don't you know enough to go in when it rains?" asked an acquaintance hurrying by to shelter.

"I am a disciple of Emerson," he replied.

His acquaintance stopped in astonishment while his umbrella turned inside out. What the"— he began.

"You see that curbstone," the first man continued, "where it has been worn smooth by the throngs? You never saw it when it was washed shiny clean before. Isn't it the most beautiful gray-green and polished like a slab? Emerson said you could find beauty in the rainwater channels in a pile of ashes if you looked for it. I'm finding it in the sidewalk."

The other man's comment was smothered in a fresh gust of wind and the wreck of his umbrella.—New York Sun.

Insurance and Assurance.

They were talking, the little group of agents, about the words insurance and assurance, some claiming that the first and some that the second was the better word to use.

But with a scornful laugh a Boston agent in gold rimmed spectacles said:

"You are all very ignorant. Insurance is no better and no worse than assurance. Each has a special significance, and each is equally good in its place. The place for assurance is where precaution is taken against a certainty—against, that is, death. Life assurance, we should say if we spoke with perfect correctness. The place for insurance is where precaution is taken against an uncertainty, such as fire, shipwreck, burglary. Fire insurance, marine insurance, we should say."—Exchange.

A GENTLEMAN .... DETECTIVE.

[Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.]

George M. Travers, clubman, man about town, society man, was selected by the chief of police for detective work. How the chief secured him for the purpose no one knew.

Mr. Travers was to make himself a favorite in society and quietly give away the criminal element moving therein. There was not the remotest chance that the most astute thief, male or female, could connect him with the police. In the first six months he gave tips that drove three or four families into retirement and a false baron into prison. Then two events occurred simultaneously to give him trouble. A lady guest at a country house was robbed of $10,000 worth of diamonds the night before he himself arrived for a week's stay, and he had no sooner seen her than he fell in love with her.

It was Edith Meridith who had suffered the loss, and Edith Meridith was the daughter of a California millionaire. He was traveling in Brazil for a time, and his wife and daughter were stopping in town. As for references, the father and husband had been a United States senator and three or four other things, and the wife and daughter had moved in the best society on the slope. One might as well have asked for social references from the president's wife.

Mr. Travers found himself in two fixes at once. He was in love, and he could not give away the fact that he was playing detective. He gave his opinion of the robbery, as did all other guests, but he had to stop at that. The room had been entered and the jewelry taken in the afternoon while all the guests were on the golf grounds. The first suspicions were against the servants of course. That is a thing that never fails. The servants were examined and cross examined and put through the third degree, but no clew was obtained.

The whole situation was rendered mighty uncomfortable. Travers, being the last comer, and not arriving until after the robbery, was the only one exempted from suspicion. He could not act openly. A detective was sent for, but he could not make himself known. The opinion of the man, after going over the ground, was that some one had sneaked into the house by the front way. This theory was accepted by all. It did not recover the diamonds, but Miss Meridith was kind enough not to take their loss too much at heart. They represented only a day's income of her father's, and he could afford to lose one day out of the 365.

But after twenty-four hours some other theory had to be advanced. There was a second robbery. This occurred in the evening, while all the guests were looking at fireworks on the lawn. The victim was an old dowager, and her loss was also thousands of dollars. Entrance by the windows was impossible. Entrance by the front hall was impossible. The old dowager's maid had been sitting by a window in the hall upstairs all the time, and she had seen none of the servants spying about. They were suspected again, of course, and again there was a great ado. No clew—absolutely no clew. Another detective came down next day, and he gave it as his opinion that a magpie or tame crow had entered by way of the window. That no magpie or tame crow had ever been kept around the house made no difference. You could take his opinion or not.

Even amid this excitement Mr Travers progressed with his newborn love. Miss Meridith seemed smitten with him also. Perhaps smitten is too strong a term, but she was very gracious. The two talked privately about the mysterious robberies, privately and confidentially. They didn't exactly lay them on to the old dowager, but they understood what each other thought. The mysteries did not break up the house party, as might have been expected. This was because the third detective who was put on the case notified host, hostess and all the guests that he suspected one of the servants and must have a week or two to work up his case. After that five peaceful, happy days and nights passed. There were no more robberies. Clews were being picked up like potatoes at digging time. It was only a matter of a few days when the guilty one would be punished and the plunder restored. At the end of those five happy days and nights most of the guests were whispering to each other that Mr. Travers and Miss Meridith would surely make a match of it. They walked and talked by day, and they sat and sighed in the moonlight of evenings, and on the sixth night Mr. Travers went to bed reasonably satisfied. As he did not appear up to a late hour next morning, and as the same was the case with Miss Meridith, their doors were forced. Miss Meridith was gone, and a ladder at her window showed how she went. Most of her wardrobe had gone with her.

Mr. Travers hadn't gone. He hadn't because he was tied and gagged and couldn't go. He had been despoiled of everything, and the two men who had tied and despoiled him had injured his feelings by whispering words into his ear. There was further injury awaiting him. On his dresser was a note written by Miss Meridith. In it she spoke of him as a donkey. She also said she had spotted him from the first. Further, that he had better open an intelligence office for the employment of female help.

It took Mr. Travers two days to find out that there was no millionaire Meridith—no ex-United States Senator Meridith—no Mrs. or Miss Meridith—no clew. And then he resigned.

M. QUAD.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Master Leroy Eader is ill.

Ernest Causey was in Terre Haute Saturday.

M. H. Day of Fillmore is here today on business.

Miss Alma Higert is spending the day in Indianapolis.

Charles Morris spent Sunday with home folks in Brazil.

E. B. Lynch has recovered from an attack of the grippe.

Miss Gracie Birch of Indianapolis spent Sunday with home folks.

Mrs. J. L. Randel has returned from a short visit in Indianapolis.

P. B. Hutcheson was called to Roachdale this morning on business.

Charles Walcott of Detroit, Mich., was the guest of H. S. Werneke today.

D. W. Petty of Bloomfield was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Burdett yesterday.

Miss Grace Allen of Sullivan, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Allen over Sunday.

C. C. Gautier and Sam Riaredon have taken rooms with Court Gillen on West Poplar Street.

The meeting of the W. C. T. U. has been postponed from Tuesday, February 4, until Tuesday, February 18.

Mrs. Dr. Gobin and son have returned to their home in Franklin, after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Ed. Crow.

C. B. Yelton of Chicago, formerly with the Big Four Engineering corps here, was here yesterday to visit friends.

An Aerie of the Fraternal Order of Eagles is soon to be instituted in Greencastle in the near future. Jas. N. Campbell, a member of the order is soliciting names for a desirable charter membership.

Mrs. Chas. I. Frohman came from Indianapolis, yesterday, to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Landis. Mrs. Frohman will leave for New York, in a short time where her husband has accepted a position with Benjamin Stearns & Company.

Monday! Monday! Meharry Hall

De Loss Walker was in Brazil Saturday.

Miss Hadde Daggy spent Saturday in Indianapolis.

J. G. Ibach of Hammond visited his daughters over Sunday.

John Shannon of Illinois is visiting his family for a few days.

C. H. Barnaby's mill is closed today on account of a broken pipe.

Mrs. Sanders and daughter of Brazil, were here Saturday evening.

Miss Maud Newgent of Portland Mills, is visiting Mrs. Walter Crawford.

Miss Essie O'Daniel leaves today for a month's trip in Y. W. C. A. work.

Mrs. E. M. Brewer and daughter of Crawfordsville, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Nelson.

Father McLaughlin went to Bainbridge this morning to attend the funeral of Mrs. Martin Kelley.

Over the Tea Cups will meet with Mrs. R. L. O'Hair at her home on Seminary Street on Tuesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The paper wkill be by Mrs. F. A. Arnold, subject: "Some Impressions of the Old Country."

Among the many out of town guests who attended the Young Men's Dance Friday night at Brazil the Brazil Times gives the names of Miss Helen and Florence Black of Greencastle. The Misses Black are visiting Miss Halstead in Brazil.

A theater party composed of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Randel, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hirt, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. William Houck, G. E. Blake and Mrs. C. C. Hurst will attend "Marrying Mary" presented by Marie Cahill at English's opera house tomorrow evening at Indianapolis. Special invitations were issued to the Shriners to come and bring their lady friends. They were also requested to bring the "clothes, claws and fez."

Two act Comedy at Meharry Hall.

Herbert Spear has returned from Rensalaer.

Miss Essie Fox of Reelsville is here today.

Fred Rice of Roachdale, was in the city yesterday.

Mrs. John Dodd has returned from a visit in Indianapolis.

Miss Lucile Marshall is absent from classes on account of la grippe.

Mrs. Frank Busby and son have returned from a visit at Crawfordsville.

Mrs. Verling W. Helm is in the city with a view to the purchase of a home.

Miss Nelle Walker of Anderson, comes today for a visit with college friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Court Gillen attended the Gough-Faller wedding at Fincastle yesterday.

Miss Helen Sunday returns today from a visit with her parents in Bloomington, Ills.

S. C. Dark of Pittsburgh, Pa., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Wayt, on North Indiana Street.

George A. Dobbs, wife and daughter and John A. Keller and wife, visited at Phineas Runyan's Sunday.

Miss Helen Mae Neil has returned after a short visit with her sister, Miss Nadine at Tudor Hall, Indianapolis.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Locust Street Church met this afternoon at 2:30 with Mrs. O'Haver.

Misses Elma and Gertrude Steeg have returned to their home in Indianapolis, after visiting Misses Era and Edna Bence.

The members of the Eastern Star who attended the funeral of Mrs. Cowgill in Fillmore Sunday are Mrs. E. E. Caldwell, Mrs. Edward Stone, Mrs. J. H. James, Mrs. Eliza Wood, Mrs. E. B. Lynch, Mrs. Bridges, C. W. Huffman, G. W. Crawley, Jesse Richardson, Douglas Randolph and A. B. Hanna. Mrs. Bridges is a daughter of Mr. Randolph. She is here from Terre Haute for a visit with her parents. Charley Talbott and Miss Lelia Talbott of this town also attended the funeral. The service was at the Filmore church at 11 o'clock. Burial was in the Fillmore Cemetery. The Eastern Star had charge of the service.

Sherman Stiles is on the sick list.

Harry Hayes was in Ladoga last night.

Joe Preston spent yesterday in Brazil.

Alexander Pow has returned from Brazil.

Georgia Owen spent today in Bainbridge.

B. W. Shipley was in Indianapolis yesterday.

Frank Day was in Terre Haute, yesterday.

John Jones of New Maysville, was in the city today.

Frank Knight transacted business in Coatesville today.

Miss Elizabeth Lockridge has returned from Roachdale.

William Woodbridge of Indianapolis was in the city today.

Ezra Smythe and family returned from Los Angeles, Cal., Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eader called on Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Sharp yesterday.

Miss Jennie Talbott of Terre Haute is visiting P. R. Christie and family.

The Elite Show troop has left the city for a week's stand at Peru, Ind.

T. J. Miller of Bainbridge transacted business in the city this morning.

Mrs. W. H. Miller is visiting her mother, Mrs. Henry Kohl of Crawfordsville.

Mrs. T. Thompson spent the day with her brother, James Smith, of Bainbridge.

Mrs. Dr. Moag of Indianapolis is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Christie.

The Elks will visit the Brazil lodge tonight and see the initiatory work given.

Mrs. Alice Ratcliff, who has been visiting in Crawfordsville, has returned home.

Griffin and Hiene Smith of Quincy were in the city this afternoon en route to Brazil.

Mr. and Mrs. Otho Ellis were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ford of Bainbridge today.

Mrs. Sarah Hillis has returned from a visit with her daughter, Mrs. A. C. Lockridge of Roachdale.

Miss Era Glasbrook of Renssalear has accepted a position in Sackett's store, as cashier and bookkeeper.

Cora and Foster Ellis who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Grant Scott have returned to their home in Ladoga.

Mrs. S. J. Noble has returned to her home in Covington, Ind., after a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Ida Bowman.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Burdett of Crawfordsville, returned home this morning, after a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Burdett.

Miss Luella Gilmore of Crawford, New Jersey, is visiting friends and relatives in the city. Miss Gilmore formerly lived here.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos McCalip and daughter Arabelle, and Miss Mabel Wolfe of Brazil were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Vermilion yesterday.

E. M. Hall, deliveryman for Chas. Zeis, who was taken suddenly ill Saturday is improving "Buster" Harris has been delivering during his illness.

The Fortnightly Club will meet with Mrs. Walter McGaughey and Harriett Bridges at the home of the former at 7 o'clock this evening. Hattie Daggy will have the paper on "A Winter's Tale."

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lockridge left the city this afternoon for Rockville, where they will visit their son, Dr. Birch Lockridge. Mr. Lockridge will go from Rockville to Benton County to attend the Farmers' Institute.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shoptaugh entertained A. C. Lockridge and family of Roachdale, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Shoptaugh of near Fillmore; Mrs. Ollie Kelley and daughter, Helen, Fred Hillis and family and Mrs. Sarah Hillis at dinner yesterday.

Mrs. B. T. Vancleave and mother, Mrs. Mary Rhoades, were called to Bloomington this morning to the bedside of the former's sister, Mrs. A. W. Shields who is critically ill. Mr. Shields is the wife of Rev. Shields who is well known in the city

Dave Buster of South Greencastle was arrested this afternoon and put in jail for intoxication. When searched at the jail a knife with a blade nearly 6 inches long was found in his pocket. The knife is a dangerous appearing instrument and he probably will be called upon to explain how he happened to have it when he goes before the mayor.

Mrs. Scott, the mother of A. L. Doss, class of '83, and of Mrs. Leone Scott Miller, of the class of 1900, died at Mt. Vernon, Ind., Jan. 27, and was buried at Owensville, Ind., Feb. 2. She lived while in this city in the Rosa Bower property adjoining Florence Hall. She was much esteemed by her many friends here. She was an ideal home maker. Her children rise up and call her blessed.

Edith Coburn Noyes tonight.

The funeral services of Mrs. Tom Nichols (colored) living two and one-half miles east of town were held this afternoon at 2 o'clock in the colored church on Locust Street. Interment in Forest Hill Cemetery. Mrs. Nichols died Saturday afternoon at 2:30 of nervous prostration. She was forty years of age and leaves a husband and six children, besides a number of relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

"THE POSE OF POWER."

A Doctor Says It Can Only Be Obtained by Carrying the Body Right.

The human body is a machine—a machine in some respects not unlike a watch. If you bend the watch slightly you displace its parts (its organs, if you please), and then the watch will not go aright.

The same is true of man. In his body every organ has its place. If his body is bent some or all of his vital organs are displaced. They cannot perform their work, and the man, like the watch, is out of order.

"How many of us are like that?" Well, in an examination covering several thousand people I found less than one in a hundred who was right. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred have displaced organs.

I may add that I have never found disease in any organ that was habitually carried in its normal place. The organ always becomes displaced before it becomes diseased.

And what is the cause of this universal displacement? In a word, the cause is a bad method of holding the body in standing, in sitting, walking about and lying down. The trunk is merely a flexible, hollow cylinder inside of which the organs are supported, each in its place. When, however, the body is bent and collapsed, as in most people, the organs drop out of their places and are crowded against each other. They are then unable to do their work, and thus they become diseased.

Every case of chronic indigestion which I have ever examined has had a stomach that was hanging from two to five inches lower than its right position—a condition known to medical men as gastroptosis.

And the rare man who holds his body aright in standing, walking or sitting, such a man is always a man of power. Cromwell was a man of this type. So were Napoleon, Washington and Bismarck.

"And how shall I restore my organs to proper position?" asks one of the ninety-nine.

By so developing the body that it is at all times erect, uplifted and expanded. This will draw each organ into the position in which it can do its best work. A glance at the pictures of the men I have mentioned will show you what I mean.

As to practical methods, take the following exercise for five minutes four or five times a day:

Place the feet together, arms at sides, head back, chest up and forward, abdomen in, knees back, weight on balls of feet—"the position of a soldier." Throw the weight as far forward as you can. Hold the position from half to one minute, then relax. Repeat the exercise from six to twelve times.

Add to this reasonable habits of living, and in three months you will have gone far toward gaining the pose of power.—Dr. Latson in Chicago Journal.

Warding Off a Cold.

The first point that must have struck almost every careful observer of catarrhal pneumonia is that in nine cases out of ten a cold is caught as the result, not of getting cold, but, on the contrary, of getting unduly hot. This apparent paradox is, of course, intelligible enough when one considers that it is when the body is heated that the pores of the skin are opened and are then much more likely to take a chill than when they are closed by the action of the cold. This is also the explanation of the efficacy of a cold shower bath after taking a Turkish or even an ordinary hot bath, as the sudden action of the cold water closes the pores and so protects the skin from the action of the air. The best possible preventive from catching cold is cold water, applied either in the form of a cold bath or, if that is considered too drastic a measure, it will be found that merely bathing the neck in cold water, both in the early morning and also the last thing at night, does a great deal toward giving one immunity from colds.—Modern Society.

Fourth Lecture Cource Monday.

WANT AD COLUMN

Wanted—To buy a second class top buggy. A Murphy, Hamricks Livery.

For Rent—5 room cottage South Indiana Street—Electric lights, good cistern and driven well—good garden—Tel. Fillmore switchboard—T. J. Haltom.

A CLEVER RUSE.

The Way an Ingenious Paris Merchant Saved Cable Tolls.

A wealthy merchant in Paris who does an extensive business with Japan was informed that a prominent firm in Yokohama had failed, but the name of the firm he could not learn. He could have learned the truth by cabling; but, to save expense, instead he went to a well known banker who had reecived the news and requested him to reveal the name of the firm.

"That's a very delicate thing to do," replied the banker, "for the news is not official, and if I gave you the name I might incur some responsibility."

The merchant argued, but in vain, and finally he made this proposition: "I will give you," he said, "a list of ten firms in Yokohama, and I will ask you to look through it and then tell me, without mentioning any name, whether or not the name of the firm which has failed appears in it. Surely you will do that for me?"

"Yes," said the banker, "for if I do not mention any name I cannot be held responsible in any way."

The list was made. The banker looked through it and as he handed it back to the merchant said, "The name of the merchant who has failed is there."

"Then I've lost heavily," replied the merchant, "for that is the firm with which I did business," showing him a name on the list.

"But how do you know that is the firm which has failed?" asked the banker in surprise.

"Very easily," replied the merchant. "Of the ten names on the list only one is genuine—that of the firm with which I did business. All the others are fictitious."

STRANGE DISHES.

Lion's Flesh, Tiger's Meat and Baked Elephant's Foot.

Lion's flesh is said to furnish a very good meal. Tiger meat is not so palatable, for it is tough and sinewy. In India nevertheless it is esteemed, because there is a superstition that it imparts to the eater some of the strength and cunning that characterizes the animal. This notion is not, of course, held by the followers of Brahma and Buddha, whose religion forbids the eating of flesh.

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion among authorities on the subject as to the merits of elephant's flesh as an article of diet. By some it is considered a dainty, but there is the authority of at least one European against it. Stanley said that he frequently tasted elephant's flesh and that it was more like soft leather and glue than anything else with which he could compare it. Another explorer, however, declares that he cannot imagine how an animal so coarse and heavy as the elephant could produce such delicate and tender flesh. All authorities agree in commending the elephant's foot. Even Stanley admitted that baked elephant's foot was a dish fit for a king. It is the greatest delicacy that can be given to a Kaffir. —St. Louis Republic.

Sincerity.

In life sincerity is the sure touchstone of character. The good and valuable man is he who strives to realize day by day his own sincere conceptions of true manhood. Thousands are struggling to exhibit what some one else admires to reach the popular standard, to be or appear to be respectable and honorable, but few make it their aim to live thoroughly up to their own individual convictions of what is right and good.

Carlyle well says: "At all turns a man who will do faithfully needs to believe firmly. If he have to ask at every turn the world's suffrage, if he cannot dispense with the world's suffrage and make his own suffrage serve, he is a poor eye servant, and the work committed to him will be misdone."

A Historic Golfer.

The following entries in the accounts of James Graham, marquis of Montrose, when he was a student at the University of St. Andrews are quite in Falstaffian vein:

"Item: for two golfe balls, 10sh.

"Item: my Lord taking ane drink in Jhone Garns before he went out and after he came from the golfe, 45sh. 4d.

"Item: to the boy who carried my Lord's clubs to the field, 3sh."

With every allowance for change of tariff, the most completely refreshed giants of modern gold dwindle into abstemiousness beside that "ane drink." —London Athenaeum.

Crowded Out by Vain Man.

"I went into the office looking like a fright," said the woman. "I didn't have a chance to straighten my hat or pat my hair or anything. I had intended to primp going up in the elevator, but there was a man standing before each mirror twirling his mustache, and I couldn't even get a peep at myself."—New York Press.

Innocent Childhood.

Little William—My father has charge of over twenty men. Little Jimmy—Huh! That's nothing! My father has charge over your father! Little William—Well, my father makes more money than your father. He doesn't own the shop.—Bohemian.

A Wife's Dream.

"Step up, wifey, you and the children," bawled Mr. Goodfellow, "and have a pair of shoes apiece on me. Have another pair. They won't hurt you any."

And then Mrs. Goodfellow awoke.—Pittsburg Post.

If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small.—Old Testament.

PITFALLS OF ENGLISH.

Our Puzzling Language and Its Words of More Than One Meaning.

Of all modern languages English is undoubtedly the most difficult to acquire. In addition to the ordinary pitfalls of forms and idioms that entrap the foreigner struggling for mastery of a strange tongue, there is one so peculiar to ours that nothing even remotely similar presents itself in any other language, whether ancient or modern.

This is the paradoxical word, the word which has two meanings diametrically opposed to each other. It is not enough that, with all the wealth of words borrowed from half a score of other languages, we must impose a double and often a multiple burden on some poor little monosyllable word like "get," for instance, whose meanings are legion. Our language must needs confound the student at the gates with the paradox. To give a few examples:

The word "let" means to "allow" or "permit" and likewise to "prevent," "hinder" or "refuse," meanings diametrically opposite. "I will let you do it" in the former sense is hardly more common in use than the phrase "without let or hindrance," and Shakespeare has it, "By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets (prevents) me!"

"Cleave" means to split asunder as well as to "adhere" or "bind" closely. Scott makes Marmion threaten to "cleave the Douglas' head," while holy writ enjoins upon the husband to "cleave unto his wife."

Another example is "lurid," which means both a "dull red" and also a "pale green" hue, tints that are exactly opposed in the scale of color. While the former is the more common meaning, the latter is more scholarly correct, as the word is derived through the Latin from the Greek adjective meaning "greenish hued."

Again, we have "fast." A horse that is "fast" may be in rapid motion or standing tied stock still. In either sense, whether of motion or immobility, the word emphasizes the idea.

Examples of this bewildering pitfall of our tongue might be multiplied indefinitely. It may be said of the English speaking world as it was said of the old Romans—that their supremacy is due to the fact that they do not have to learn their own language. —Chicago Record-Herald.

YEAST IS A PLANT.

But It Can Be Seen as Such Only With the Microscope.

Yeast is a small plant which can be seen only with the aid of the microscope, says Good Health. There are two varieties, wild and cultivated, for these tiny plants can be improved through cultivation, as larger plants can be.

Firms which make yeast for the market must grow these plants quite as carefully as the florist grows his flowers. Care must be taken that they do not become mixed with other varieties, therefore destroying the culture.

In some laboratories where yeast is grown two separate buildings are kept for this purpose. These are both carefully disinfected, and if it is found that the yeast becomes contaminated in one building the culture is started anew and the other building previously disinfected before moving into it.

This plant, like bacteria, requires warmth, moisture and food. The materials out of which the bread is made should always be warmed, and the dough should always be kept in a warm place. The temperature most favorable is about that of the body, a little less than 100 degrees.

There is always considerable moisture in bread and plenty of food for the plant. The food which it requires is sugar. This it obtains from the wheat, there being some sugar in the flour, and more sugar is also formed from the starch.

As the yeast plants feed upon sugar they break it down into two substances, alcohol and a gas known as carbon dioxide or carbonic acid gas. As the gas is formed it is held by the gluten, which is a very elastic substance. When the bread is put into the oven the heat expands the tiny bubbles of gas, causing the bread to rise or to become much lighter. The alcohol formed, being a volatile product, passes off into the baking.

Progress.

The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of flame, every prison a more illustrious abode. Every burned book or house enlightens the world. Every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. It is the whipper who is whipped, the tyrant who is undone.—Emerson.

Graveyard of Asiatics.

The northern territory is the graveyard of innumerable Asiatics, who enter by way of the gulf of Carpentaria in quest of gold. Death from thirst and starvation accounts for thousands. The few who survive return to China to spread the fame of Australia's relentless solitude and hunger tracks.—Chambers' Journal.

Advice.

"What would you do," asked the excited politician, "if a paper should call you a liar and a thief?"

"Well," said the lawyer, "if I were you I'd toss up a cent to see whether I'd reform or lick the editor."—Cleveland Leader.

Never Touched Him.

"Doesn't begging make you ashamed?"

"Sure. If you knew how stingy some men were you would be ashamed of being human."—Philadelphia Ledger.